1505/114

THE BRITISH COURT: A POEM.

DESCRIBING

The Moſt Celebrated Beauties at St. *James's*, the *Park*, and the *Mall*.

The Ladies Characteris'd.

1. Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*.
2. Dutcheſs of *Ormond*.
3. Dutcheſs of *Bolton*.
4. Counteſs of *Ranelaugh*.
5. Lady *Ryalton*.
6. Mrs *Collier*, Maid of Honour.
7. Mrs *Foreſter*, Maid of Honour.
8. Counteſs of *Sunderland*.
9. Counteſs of *Bridgwater*.
10. Mrs *Cludde*.
11. Mrs *Spanheim*.
12. Mrs *Hide*.
13. Mrs *Dunch* and *Digby*.
14. Lady *Cooper*.
15. Counteſs of *Mancheſter*
16. Lady *Colvert*.
17. Lady *Harper*.
18. Mrs *Price*.
19. Marchioneſs of *Monthermer*.
20. Mrs *Gibbons*.
21. Dutcheſs of *Somerſet*.
22. Counteſs of *Orrerey*.
23. Mrs *Wortley*.
24. Mrs *Long*.
25. Dutcheſs of *Beauford*.
26. Mrs *Newington*.
27. Dutcheſs of St. *Albans*.
28. Counteſs of *Eſſex*.
29. Lady *Woodſtock*.

LONDON,

Printed for, and Sold at the *Publiſhing-Office* in *Dove-Court*, near *Bearbinder-Lane*, 1707.

PORTRAITS

DISCRIBING

The Most Celebrated Beauties at St. James's,
the Park, and the Mall.

1. Duchess of Marlborough.
2. Duchess of Ormond.
3. Duchess of Bolton.
4. Countess of Rumney.
5. Lady Carter.
6. Mrs Collier, Maid of Honour.
7. Mrs Forster, Maid of Honour.
8. Countess of Sunderland.
9. Countess of Bridgwater.
10. Mrs Claude.
11. Mrs Sparkeir.
12. Mrs Hide.
13. Mrs Duck and Dyke.
14. Lady Cooper.
15. Countess of Macclesfield.
16. Lady Oglesby.
17. Lady Harper.
18. Mrs Price.
19. Marchioness of Montberrat.
20. Mrs Gibbons.
21. Duchess of Shrewsbury.
22. Countess of [illegible].
23. Mrs Vane.
24. Mrs Leigh.
25. Duchess of [illegible].
26. Mrs Arundell.
27. Duchess of [illegible].
28. Countess of [illegible].
29. Lady [illegible].

LONDON:

Printed for, and Sold at the Publishing Office in Dyot-
Court, near Bearbinder-Lane, 1727.

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THE

British Court:

A

POEM, &c.

GIVE me a *Genius*, fill'd with ſoft delight
Of Beauteous Forms, bleſt Images of Light;
Teach me, *Apollo*, ſome Harmonious Song,
And with thy Heavenly Lays inſpire my Tongue:
Be huſh'd as Silence in the Dead of Night,
Black *Satyriſt*, thou Monſter of the Light,
Ceaſe howling, baſe Diſturber of Mankind,
And look on with more Pleaſure, or be Blind.
Why ſhou'd thy *Venom* touch my tender Muſe,
And poiſon all the Sweetneſs ſhe ſhou'd uſe?
Tho' ſuch bright Charms my Numbers does inſpire
As will expel't, and fill my Breaſt with Fire,

Dart thro' my Soul, and with their Native Rays,
Shine on my Lines, and raiſe Eternal Praiſe.
While *Fame* flies ſwift, thro' ev'ry *Cavern* bears,
And ev'ry ſpacious *Void*, th' *Immortal Airs.*

Attend, you Godlike *Artiſts*, that deſcry,
The Secret Touches which in *Beauty* lie;
Here, let your *Pencils* curiouſly diſtain,
The bluſhing *Paint*, which *Nature* does ordain
Triumphant in the *Female Sex* to reign.

Behold, the happy Monarch from Her Throne,
Eas'd of the Preſſures of a weighty Crown:
Now, far more Bleſt and Glorious does appear,
Her Guard, a Train of Noble Beauties here;
Here ev'ry Smile freſh Beams of Joy diſpenſe,
Whilſt the Bright *Circle* owns it's influence:
Softneſs of Nature, in the depth of Thought,
The Goddeſs, with the Woman inter-wrought;
Bus'neſs and Pleaſure ſo in her agree,
They make the moſt delightful *Harmony.*
But ſay, my Muſe, when *ANNA* moves along,
How pleaſing does appear the Charming Throng?
And what Bleſt Scene can more delight the Fair
Than Smiling MAJESTY, when Regent there?

Like

Like *Phœbus*, darting Splender from her Eyes,
Whoſe piercing *Beams* quick as the *Light'ning* flies;
Nor do they dazle leſs than they amaze,
All who with Awe, or Admiration gaze:
A *Ruler* Sov'reign, o'er her own vaſt Will,
Slow to *Revenge*, and ſure to act no Ill:
Pleaſure ſits Light without, whilſt from within
Somewhat Divine appears, that ſhows the QUEEN.

Go on my Muſe, next to *Minerva*'s ſmile,
Minerva, the bright Goddeſs of the *Iſle*,
The happy Partner of Great *CHURCHILL*, Place
Where Beauty ſtill maintains a Pleaſing Face,
After ſhe Bleſt the World with ſuch a Godlike Race.
So tenderly are both touch'd ev'ry where,
The Gods were pos'd themſelves to make this Pair,
And ſhow four *Heroines* equally as Fair.

Stop now, my Muſe, leaſt here thou vainly ſeem
T' abuſe with thy unskilful Hand, this Noble *Theme*;
Yet ſtill with awful Fear approach the Fair,
And tremble where ſuch ſhining Angels are,
Where *Beauty*, *Modeſty*, and flowing Wit,
Do in the preſence of bright Virtue ſit,

Where Pleaſure can no wanton Charms beſtow,
But what from Chaſt *Ideas* purely flow,
And ſuch as Virgin *Innocence* may know.
Free from the Faults of Faſhionable Vice
In the moſt eaſie, not in *Airs* Preciſe.

From this *Foil*, *Beauty* it's true Luſtre gains,
And tho' once fetter'd by inglorious Chains,
Now abſolute, it like a Monarch Reigns.
Reaſon has once again poſſeſt its place,
And Baniſh'd Folly from the Beauteous Race.
'Tis *Viſion* all, and ſhuns Diviner Light,
For Shades muſt vaniſh where they ſhine ſo bright:
The Flame of Love conſumes our dull Deſires,
And melts the Droſs away by purer Fires.
Thus the Fair Sex like Goddeſſes appear,
And all Mankind with Pleaſure do Revere,
Whilſt M*odeſt Art* their Excellence diſplays,
And *Nature* ſhows it ſelf a thouſand ways.

So *ORMOND*'s Graceful Mein attracts all Eyes,
And Nature need not ask from Art Supplies;
Forgiving *Goodneſs* ſhines thro' ev'ry part,
And ſhows that Form contains the Nobleſt Heart.
In vain Mankind adore, unleſs ſhe were
By Heaven made, leſs Virtuous, or leſs Fair.

BOLTON's bright Image raiſes ſoft Delight,
And like *Prometheus*, kindles *Fire* at Sight;
Such *Magick* dwells within her Secret Breaſt
As cannot be but by her *Eyes* expreſt.

RANELAUGH has *Airs* ſtill to delight Mankind,
That yet, no Equal to her Charms we find;
Soft Sounds of Harmony run thro' her Soul,
And nought but Muſick's Voice does there controul:
By ſecret ways, the little God takes place,
And *Beauty* plays the Tyrant in her Face.
But what dull Atoms can ſoft Sounds reſiſt?
Since they Create, at once, ev'n what they liſt:
Delightful Forms from ſhapeleſs *Chaos* raiſe,
Since Heav'n the Voice of Harmony obeys.
Concord and Muſick, ſuch as charms the Ear,
Firſt mov'd this Earth, this dull unactive Sphere,
And firſt made ev'ry ſleeping Atom hear.
Muſick's the Spring made by Divineſt Art,
To move the Vital *Machine* of Man's Heart,
And Circulate with *Pow'r* thro ev'ry Part.

GODOLPHIN ſo engaging does appear,
That *Angels* only can reſemble her,
When to pleaſe Men they put on Forms of *Air*.

Like hers, their matchleſs Faces look Divine,
Light ſhines without, all *Goodneſs* dwells within.

Whilſt *COLLIER*'s Shape purſues th' Admirer Home,
And adds freſh Flame where e'er her Preſence come.
She ſtill the Lover's Wiſhes cloſe imploys
On Youthful Charms, and ſoft engaging Eyes,
On laſting Beauty, and ne'er fading Joys.

But ſee the Sacred Marks of Beauty ſhine
In *FORESTER*, more Glorious and Divine;
Eaſie her Shape is wrought in ev'ry Turn,
Charming her *Mien*, and Elegant her *Form*.
Artleſs ſhe walks, with ſuch a moving Grace,
'Tis difficult for Wit, or Words to expreſs,
Which pleaſes moſt, her Looks, her Air, her Dreſs.

But I dare only mention *SPENCER*'s Face,
That fires all *Bodies* like a *Burning-Glaſs*:
The very Soul of Love, and Beauty's *Sun*,
Whoſe ſhining Beams has half Mankind undone.

So *BRIDGEWATER*, the Gods peculiar care,
Is not leſs Good and Virtuous than ſhe's Fair.
Becoming Airs from her Indulgence grow,
And ſolid Virtues her true Honour ſhow.

Mildneſs of Nature in each Feature's dreſs'd,
And nought but Softneſs dwell within her Breaſt.

CLUDDE's Native Bloom, prides more than Art can grace,
Whilſt Heavens Brightneſs Triumphs in her Face:
Looks like the bluſhing Morn, her Image bears,
And winning Modeſty her Nature wears.

If *Dreſs*, and *Wit*, and *Air*, Mankind can move,
The *Pruſſian* Dame muſt reign bright Queen of Love.
Fair *SPANHEIM*'s Eyes ſhoot out their pointed Darts,
Where e'er they fly, they wound a thouſand Hearts.

In *HIDE*'s fair Face true Majeſty reſides,
Yet *Cupid* claims his Empire, gently rides,
And as a God Commands: When all obey,
For *Love* and *Pow'r* have each an equal ſway,
Like *Sun* and *Moon*, this rules the Night, and that the Day.

How *DUNCH* and *DIGBY* all their Charms diſpence,
While *COOPER* adds her *Power* of Eloquence,
And fills the World with *Muſick*, *Wit* and *Senſe*.
Such Charms as theſe deſervedly may claim
In Beauty's Annals a much larger Fame.

MANCHESTER, moves with irresistless Air,
Her Dress is taking, as her Face is Fair;
Something that's new is always in her found,
With some peculiar Grace she does abound,
That is engaging, happy, new, and rare,
Which makes her Affable and Debonair.
Endless in Numbers wou'd the Circle prove,
To trace these Beauteous Images of Love.
How *LEE*'s Complexion, and how *COLVERT*'s Smile,
Grace the Fame of *Britain*'s Happy Isle.
So *HARPER*'s killing Eyes, and *BARTON*'s Air,
Oblige Mankind to own 'em Heavenly Fair;
Real Perfections which in both these live,
Beyond what little Arts of Flattery give.

Why do we find in the Records of Fame,
Such lavish Trophies to *Orinda*'s Name?
Or why should *Sapho* still immortal be,
When both, alass! were but faint Types of Thee,
And may still brighter shine in *ORRERY*?
Rough were those Draughts, and carelessly design'd,
Thou art the Masterpiece of Womankind.

WORTLEY, is made of tender moving Sighs,
Refin'd Ætherial Mold, soft melting Eyes;

Magick,

Magick, which all our Mortal Cares beguiles,
Enchanting Glances, ever pleasing Smiles;
These are the bright Retinue which declare
That *Cupid* daily plays the Wanton there.

LONG, is discover'd by her sweet Regard,
With the same Pleasure seen, that she is heard;
Modest but not *Precise*, *Free* but not *Wild*,
Neither Affected, too Reserv'd, nor Mild:
To distant Courts her Infant Glory flies,
Ten thousand Victims at her Altar lies,
And twice ten Thousand offer to her Eyes.

Behold the Offspring of a Tuneful Sire,
Fair *BEAUFORD!* Blest with more than Mortal Fire.
Such are her Charms, as was the Poet's Song,
When *Orpheus* did Enchant the list'ning Throng:
So Artful, so Melodious were his Strains,
They made the Damn'd, tho' loaded with their Chains,
Enjoy some Ease amidst Eternal Pains.
So were the Sporting *Dolphins* charm'd, around
The Vessels side, at Sweet *Arion*'s Sound.
They on their Backs the sinking Prophet bore,
And safely brought him to the wish'd for Shore.
So did *Amphion* touch his well tun'd Strings,
For Nature follows when the Poet sings:

Rivers ſtood ſtill, attentive to his Strains,
And Woods forſook the Hills to ſhade the Plains:
Vaſt Stones and Trees, in order were diſpos'd,
And to his Tuneful *Lyre* was *Thebes* compos'd.

But ſee the Star now riſen on our Sphere,
Bright as the *Evening Venus* ſhining here,
Clear as the *Moon*, is her unblemiſh'd Face,
With *Hebe*'s Bloom, and *Juno*'s matchleſs Grace.
Her Charms has in ſhort time ſuch Conqueſts won,
That *Marlborough*'s Rival'd by a *NEWINGTON.*

St. *ALBAN*'s Conq'ring Eyes their Pow'r maintain,
While Beauty lives, ſhe will a Monarch reign,
Yet Tyrant-like, Love's Liberty reſtrain.

While Bluſhing *ESSEX*'s chaſter Flame ſurvives,
By ſprightly Looks and gentle Sighs ſhe lives.
Thus the Admirers to her Beauty draws,
Tho' from too near approach her Thunder awes.

In *WOODSTOCK*'s Goodneſs all the Graces ſhine,
Plac'd in her Form is *Venus*'s Magazine;
All Beauties Treaſure lodges in her Eyes,
And from her Store bring ſtill their freſh Supplies.

Happy's the Man who leads with her a Life,
So pow'rful is the Charm of ſuch a Wife.
Happy as Gods he lives, and ſure as Bleſt,
Where no falſe Joys can rob him of his Reſt.

When radiant Glances ſhoot from PRICE's Eyes,
They fill the World like *Comets*, with ſurprize:
But when they gently lay their Lightning by,
The World ſeems loſt in dark Obſcurity.
Each Charm about them looks both freſh and gay,
Young as the *Spring*, and Sweet as Flowers in *May*.

The Charms that from MONTHERMER's Aſpect ſtray,
Diffuſe themſelves as Orient Light, the Day,
And merit more than all the World can pay.

Let GIBBONS, 'mongſt the brighteſt Beauties ſhine,
Since 'tis her *Air* that makes her Form Divine.
Give COOPER Wit, ſtill BARTON will have Senſe,
And VERE maintain a killing Influence.
Theſe Rival Beauties, thus we find appear
The ſame by Art, that they by Nature were:
Lovely and bright as unmixt Honour ſhines,
That riſes not by Proud, or Servile Art declines.

The Graces all on *SOMERSET* attend,
And *Virtue* does to *Beauty* Honour lend.
The Charming Sex are pleas'd to mix with her,
That's with the Higheſt, Noble, Rich, and Fair:
Eſſential Ornaments that veſt the Great,
And which did ever on the *Percy*'s wait;
Not in meer Pageantry and Publick Show,
But in ſuch Actions as from *Virtue* flow.

But how, preſumptuous Muſe, dar'ſt thou aſpire
To draw the Beams of Beauty without Fire?
Why thou attempt ſuch a bold dang'rous part,
With ſo much Weakneſs, and ſo little Art?
In vain thou labours to deſcribe the Fair,
Since here ſo many ſhining Beaties are;
And thoſe ſo many different Charms put on,
'Tis hard to find a Woman without one.
Stand round ye *Beauties*, all your Charms diſcloſe,
The faireſt Circle that e're ſhone, compoſe.
Stand round ye *Lovers*, all your Paſſions own,
What Pains you've felt, what Agonies you've known:
Your ſoft Deſires will all their Center find
In theſe *Bell-Dames*, the Lovelieſt of their Kind.

FINIS.